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THE  
L A D Y's  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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JUNE, 1807.

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THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

THE no less amiable than lovely Duchess of Bedford is the youngest daughter of Alexander and Jane, Duke and Duchess of Gordon, and ranks very high among the most exalted female characters of the present day. She married John, the present Duke of Bedford, June 23, 1803, and by a demeanour unsurpassed for conjugal affection, and domestic conduct, has endeared herself to a very splendid circle of acquaintance, who are proud to acknowledge her an illustrious model, worthy their reverence and imitation. It is a pleasing relief to the biographer when his subject will allow him to diverge a little from the usual track, thereby rendering a mere biographical sketch subservient to the better purpose of an essay for the improvement of the female character. And while our fair subject, (whose charming portrait adorns our present Museum) presents an almost unexampled instance of greatness, ennobled by the most fascinating affability, let me be allowed to offer my young readers a few thoughts for their consideration, convinced that *precepts* against pride can never be offered with greater chance of success than when accompanied by such an *example* of every opposite virtue.

I have ever thought that pride was one of the least warrantable passions that invade the human heart; many other impulses may plead provocation (however futile, in general, their plea against those Christian rules by which we are

commanded to guide our conduct) but for this most unworthy inmate of the heart no excuse can be offered, no justification allowed. We are, every one of us, on our entrance into the world, alike, under the controul of an all-powerful Providence. The new-born heir to a peerage, lying under a silken canopy, wrapped in the softest robe, and the babe just awakened into life beneath the peasant's scanty roof of thatch, are equally claimants on the mercy of our Heavenly Parent. Why then should any of us, as we increase in years, rebel against the universal Governor, and usurp over our humbler fellow-creatures an unbecoming and unwarranted dominion? looking down upon them as beneath our notice, and whether sick or well, contented or needy, as unworthy of our slightest consideration! If it be true (and who, among Christians, dares to doubt it?) that to be obedient to God is "to do our duty in that state of life unto which it hath pleased him to call us;" how much is the cheerful labourer an example rather for our *imitation* than contempt! I would fain persuade myself that most of the various instances of pride which I have read, heard of, and met with, were merely in compliance with the *fashion of the day*, and though blame-worthy for the time, yet, like the fashion, to give way at last, after a transient indulgence, to succeeding ideas more creditable to our natures. What should we, poor mortals, be proud of?—Our persons! The sickness of an hour will mar the most alluring form, chase the enlivening bloom from the glowing cheek of health, cloathing the once lovely features in palid dejection, and heart-rending deformity. What should we be proud of?—Our wealth! Our riches are entrusted to us to dispense to the unfortunate, and if we neglect or abuse the trust thus bounteously reposed in us, Providence, indignant of the misapplication of them, can, at one stroke, deprive us of the power of enjoying them. If we must indulge a spirit of pride, let it work to laudable pursuits, and be these the objects of our emulation—to excel in wisdom, in charity, in domestic duties, in pious gratitude to Heaven for the blessings we daily receive, in proofs that, by a participation with the distressed, we are not wholly undeserving of them, and in fervency of prayer for the bountiful continuance of them. I trust I shall be pardoned the insertion

of this beautiful instance of laudable pride. Cornelia, daughter of the great Scipio, and wife of the consul Sempronius, was one day in company with some Roman ladies, who were shewing and admiring each others trinkets and jewels, and whose minds seemed wholly occupied about their dress. Observing Cornelia sit silent among them, they asked her to shew them *her jewels*: upon which, with a true maternal pleasure, she called her children to her, and presenting them to the company, said, "these, ladies, are my ornaments; these are *my jewels*; my children whom I have endeavoured to educate for the good and glory of my country."

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### OLD WOMAN.

NO. CV.

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Too blest the maid whom heart and voice approve,  
Whose gen'rous bosom meets a mutual love.

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NANNI, daughter of Saki, one of the principal officers of the court of the Sophi of Persia, was brought up, from her tender years, in all the learning and accomplishments of the East. The power that presides over beauty, had gifted her with charms of the first order, and the goddess of wisdom was anxious to perfect her with her choicest endowments. But Nanni was too much under the influence of vanity to listen to her advice; and, though possessed of talents and fascinations equal to the illustrious Fatima herself, on whom the prophet doated with more than human affection, she gave up the reigns of imagination into the hands of fancy, and became rather conceited than wise.

Without actually deviating from the paths of virtue, Nanni was thoughtless and inconsiderate, gay and volatile. As she grew up, she appeared to be more ambitious to gain admiration than to fix love; and though she was followed on account of her personal attractions and her rank, by all the most wealthy and accomplished young men that surrounded the throne of Ispahan, and seemed flattered to the



highest degree by their attentions, their assiduities, even their vows and their offers made no impression on her heart. The homage that was paid her was received as a debt, and her whole behaviour evinced a light and coquetish disposition, which could only be gratified by incessant adulation and respect, yet felt no tender sentiment in return.

She had now reached the age of fifteen, when the rose is full blown on the cheek of oriental beauty, and its perfume is sweetest to the sense; her mother, who was at once indulgent and sensible, saw the errors of her daughter, and gently warned her of the folly and the danger of encouraging addresses, however distant, where she had no preference of regard, and urged the flight of time, and the speedy decay of beauty.

"Nanni," said she, "our sex is constantly in want of a protector. Man is formed for independence, and to trust to his own powers. He rises like the oak, and he defies the storms that assail him; but woman, like the limber plant, is obliged to twine round some friendly support, and, without assistance, her beauties would never be reared,—or, if reared, they would be exposed to momentary destruction. Should you lose your father, what is to become of you? My age might secure me from annoyance. It is the painful privilege of those who are advanced in years to be safe from danger; but at the same time they are left destitute of solace and protection. Youth and beauty, combined with prudence, may always command the latter, though it is sometimes difficult to escape the former. Chuse, therefore, from the numbers who are soliciting your favor, some one worthy of you, on whose kindness you may rely, and in whose bosom you may deposit, as in a sacred asylum, your hopes and your fears."

"Mother," replied Nanni, "both duty and inclination bid me listen with respect to the advice you have given; but at present I am satisfied with admiration, and am doubtful if I should be half so happy to be the property of one man, as to be the object of attraction to a hundred. Besides, how am I to distinguish between real and specious professions, between the dictates of the heart and the effusions of the tongue? Could I once discover him who most sincerely loved, I would endeavour to love. Could I see the heart



and know what it thinks of me, instead of being amused with declarations of what it feels, I should be at no loss to decide. But where all are alike ardent in their vows, I am without a guide and a direction, and therefore am obliged to keep aloof from confessing any partial attachment."

"May the genius that watches over thee," rejoined the wife of Saki, "assist and favour thy wishes; but know that it will not contribute to thy happiness to be able to open the door of the heart, and to read the secret thoughts of mortal beings. The picture drawn on the soul is seldom, I fear, faithfully delineated by the tongue, except when an appeal is made to Alla, whom it is in vain to attempt to deceive."

Here the conversation ended. Nanni retired to her chamber, and night hastening to draw her curtains round the globe, sleep soon sealed her eyes, and fancy began to raise her mimic train of attendants round the couch of the daughter of Saki. In the dreams of the night her friendly genius appeared, and beckoning attention, thus addressed her. "Nanni, I have long been your invisible attendant; but your vanity and giddiness have hitherto prevented me from serving you so much as I wish. You have, however, expressed a desire to read the hearts of those who have been the loudest in professing a partial regard for you, and for once I will indulge you. The lesson you will gain from this exposure cannot fail to be useful, though it will be only productive of present regret and confusion." On this the genius waved her wand, and a crowd of admirers seemed to fill the chamber of Nanni, each bearing a paper on his breast, in which were written, in very legible characters, the genuine sentiments he entertained of this vain beauty, and the objects of his solicitude to gain her regard. But judge her surprise, when she found that not one of those who had been most sedulous in their devotions was inspired with a real passion for her. One admired her person, but despised her understanding; another was influenced by her fortune and connections; a third followed her for amusement; a fourth to vex a hated rival; and all equally reprobated her conduct, and ridiculed her vapidity. After passing in review before her, and agitating her almost too strongly for the

bonds of sleep to hold the illusion unbroken, the genius perceiving her ideal distress, dismissed the train and brought forward Hafez, a youth of more than ordinary grace, who was but imperfectly known to Nanni, and whose sighs and compliments had scarcely ever reached her ears, though his eyes had spoken tender but unnoticed things. On his breast she read the following inscription :—

“The beauty of Nanni inflames my heart ; her virtue awes my soul. Why is she so far exalted by rank and fortune above the humblest but the most fervent of her adorers ! I love her for herself alone ; but have no hopes that she will listen to my vows. The noblest youths of Persia prostrate themselves at her feet, and while they confess the empire of her charms, they tax her with vanity and insensibility. If she is vain she can never be mine ; if she is insensible to their assiduities, what can I expect who have never dared to look steadily on the lightning of her eye, or to unfold in her ears the feelings of my heart ? But I must banish myself from the presence of her who is so dangerous to my peace ; and, in solitude and oblivion, brood over my unpropitious love. Yes ! she cannot be mine, and I must for ever be miserable. I go, Nanni, I go !”

Scarcely had she read these words before the genius lifted her wand, and seemed to bid him retire. Nanni's heart leaped for joy at the respectful sentiments he had disclosed, and in an effort to check the genius from dismissing this genuine admirer, she burst from her trance, and found the vision fled. She arose in great perturbation of spirits, and though Aurora had scarcely tinged the tops of the hills, she sallied out into the garden, pensive and unhappy. She formed resolutions of amendment : she planned how she might, without offending against female delicacy, make her sentiments known to the only lover who had entertained a sincere passion for her : she rejected her plans as soon as formed ; but, fully believing that the genius had been labouring for her good, and finding the impression permanent, she hastened to communicate what she had seen to her mother, and, though shame and confusion at the retrospect of her conduct almost overwhelmed her, she had the virtue to dare to be candid, and confessed all she felt, and all she wished. In a word, she was perfectly cured of

vanity; and means being found to promote an apparently accidental interview with Hafez, her gentle demeanor gave him resolution to declare his passion, and they were speedily united in the silken bands of wedlock, as they had before been in that of love. Neither had cause to repent the choice; and though Nanni felt many a pang at the reflection of her folly, and the knowledge she had gained of the human heart, she never ceased to bless the kind genius who had saved her from ruin, and led her to bliss.

### FASHION'S CHANGE.

YES, Mr. Editor, Fashions *do* change, and in this *refined* age one naturally expects them to change for the better: but, except when former fashions, according to the usual rotation, come round again, they seem continually to change for the worse.

The truth is, that *fashion* has undergone a total *revolution*—and no wonder, since *revolutions* have been all the FASHION.—Formerly the two great constituents of fashion were, elegance of appearance, and urbanity of manners. My Lord Chesterfield particularly recommends something of this sort: but certain grave readers confounded his lordship's ideas of *elegance*, which were very correct, with his *moral* notions, which were certainly exceptionable—elegance itself fell into disrepute; and, lest we should appear to be of the school of Chesterfield, the contrary extreme was adopted, and the *Blackguard School* preferred; for I can give no other denomination to that which abolished what all the world acknowledged to be elegant, and introduced the *Dress of the Stable*, and the *Slang of Bow-street*. Ever since that time, what a routine we have had of every thing disgusting, in the name of Fashion!—slouched hats, jockey waistcoats, half boots, leather breeches, cropped heads, unpowdered hair—in short, every thing that can give an idea of a *Ruffian*—I say, a *Ruffian*, because the dress and manners which are now deemed fashionable, would, twenty years ago, have made a *gallow's* impression on a jury at the Old Bailey.

I am ready to acknowledge, that under the Chesterfield system, elegance often degenerated into frivolity; and a



*man* sometimes seemed little better than a *monkey*. This, however, could only happen among the middling and lower classes, *aping* the dress and manners of their superiors; and even these were infinitely preferable to the *boorish*, *wolfish*, and *affectedly terrific* exhibition of the present race of *Bucks* without *blood*, *Beaux* without *taste*, and *Gentlemen* without *manners*!

I have been led into such egregious errors, and have committed so many blunders, by mistaking—*Dukes* for *Grooms*, *Earls* for *Postillions*, and *Squires* for *Stable-boys*, that perhaps I may not express myself with sufficient accuracy or candour, on this subject. But I cannot help taking the present system to be *confusion confounded*; and therefore I hope, since *even* Buonaparte requires *Sans Culottes* to be *dressed*, that in this country, remarkable for good sense and propriety, we may again, and speedily, see the Fashions Change!

Yours, &c.

M—R—Z—N.

REFORMATION.

### ANECDOTE.

THE emperor Henry the Fourth used to go often to prayers in St. Mary's church, in the mount Aventine: Pope Gregory the Seventh, who carried a watchful eye over all the actions of this prince, commanded one to take notice of the place where he used to pray, and got a certain fellow, with promise of great recompence, to get up upon the top of the church, and there upon the beams to place certain huge stones which should be so fitly laid that with the least touch they should fall down directly upon the emperor's head, and brain him at the first blow. This mercenary villain, as he would have played his part, went so hastily to work, that as he thought to have rolled down a great stone from the roof, the stone with its weight drew him on so, that first the man, and then the stone, fell upon the church floor, where he was killed with the stone that fell upon him. The Romans hearing of this treason, ran into the church, tied a rope about the feet of this wretched traitor, and dragged his carcase three days together throughout all the streets of Rome; but the emperor, using his wonted clemency, commanded he should be buried.

*To the Old Woman.*

RESPECTED MADAM,

TO whom should I apply in any difficulty but to such a one as you, who have had so much experience in the world? although I don't recollect if you ever let us know, whether you are a widow, married, or still live single. In either case, I hope you may be able to give me some advice in a matter which very deeply concerns me. You must know then, dear lady, that I am passionately fond of a young man, who, to my great satisfaction, returns love for love; we perfectly understand one another. Now I have a dear mother, whom I love as a daughter should, who is excessively fond of me, being her only daughter, and who has been at great pains to inform my mind, as well as to add grace to my person, which, if I might believe some of my suitors, is rather engaging; in short, she has always looked over me with a mother's eye; her kindness I wish never to forget, nor do I wish in any instance to act contrary to her advice, knowing it is always intended for my good.

My young Lover has been in her company several times, but cannot sufficiently ingratiate himself into her favour so as to gain her consent to adopt him as a son-in-law. My mother allows that he is of a respectable family: she means that his parents are honest, though not rich as she could wish, and puts me off by telling me that she expects soon to be able to recommend a young man of her connections as my future partner for life. But although her family is highly creditable, I have never seen any of them whom I could wish for a husband, especially after having my affections so engaged and placed on an object every way worthy of them, and one to whom even my mother can make no reasonable objection, as he is possessed of good sense, talks rationally, has a good heart, and is not deficient in gracefulness of person; add to this, his sincere regard for me, which I cannot but return. Now, dear Lady, I trust you understand my case; you see I am struggling between love and duty. If I must not have the young man whom I love *with* my mother's approbation, I will not go against her will, but then I am sure that I cannot love another so as to take him "for better, for worse."

Dear Madam, as my mother has your Monthly Essays sent her regularly by a friend, and as she pays a great deal of deference to your opinion of matters, I have a good hope that a few words from you on this subject, would go a great way with her, and procure for me that which only is wanting to make me comparatively happy, the consent of my mother; which, should you be the happy mean of gaining, I shall always remember at heart with gratitude.

I am,

Hope Corner, }  
15th April, 1807. }

Dear Madam,

Yours, most respectfully,

EMILY SENSITIVE.

N.B. Please notice, that I am just past seventeen.

### THE MIRROR OF SELIMA.

A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

AMONG the beautiful ladies that graced the court of the renowned Caliph Haroun Alraschid, no one was more distinguished by that monarch and his amiable consort Zobiede than the fair Selima. She was the only daughter of the Grand Vizir Giaffar. Her form was majestic and graceful as the cedar of Lebanon, her complexion was almost as fair as that of the Houri, and her breath possessed greater fragrance than the spicy groves of Delhi. In a word, Bagdad resounded with her encomiums. Selima was young, and but newly presented in public: yet she had received so much adulation and (to say the truth) admiration, that her head was almost turned, and she began to fancy herself equal to the daughters of Paradise. Yet Selima possessed a good heart and an excellent understanding; but her passions often deprived her of her reason, and led her to commit extravagancies which, in cooler moments, she would have blushed to think of. Such was the daughter of Giaffar. It was her misfortune to lose her mother, the wise and prudent Abassah, at the time when she most needed her admonitions and instructions. She resembled the tender shrubs which grow at the foot of mount Taurus, which, while they cling to the towering palm-trees for support, bloom luxuriant and strong; but without that aid, they become weak and fragile, and a blast of wind levels them with the earth. Thus



shared it with Selima. The good and wise Giaffar was too attentive to the interests of his master the Caliph, to pay proper consideration to his daughter, who, left to the care of dependant slaves, gave free loose to her inclinations, and indulged in the utmost extravagance. No one was better known to the jewellers and mercers of Bagdad than the princess Selima, since no one was more liberal. Her raven tresses were studded with pearls of the greatest value, and the most costly jewels glittered in her vest. No unfortunate person, no wretched slave, ever implored her compassion in vain, but here she erred, since all were alike relieved, whether their distress was real or fictitious. Selima could not spare time to enquire into such things, and consequently she became an encourager of idleness and clamour. As no one pleased Zobeide more than Selima, her time was principally occupied in attending the Sultana's palace: here her beauty met with almost universal homage; the princes and emirs paid her the greatest respect, and even the Caliph honored her with his notice. Can it be wondered then, if she at times forgot herself? Flattery is indeed a rank weed, and leads many to folly, and perhaps to destruction. One day, after visiting the palace of the Caliph, she returned home more pensive than usual; Zaide, a faithful attendant, and highly favored by her mistress, anxiously enquired the cause: "Zaide," cried the Princess, (blushing as she spoke,) "I am afraid I have faults." "Dearest lady," returned the sincere slave, "it is useless to deny that Alla's creatures are all frail, yet I confess I see no faults in you; but what has caused these reflections in you to day?" "I will tell you," replied Selima (in a disconsolate tone of voice,) "as I left the palace of the Caliph, my father frowned on me, and cried, 'Selima, know thyself;' I am afraid I have committed some imprudent and indiscreet action this morning; I am in disgrace with my father, how then can I be happy? Yet I protest my errors are involuntary, and I receive so much praise, that I am not sensible when I commit them. How can I, dearest Zaide, alter this? Would that I had a friend that could direct me; your love for me renders you blind to my failings, and I cannot commit the task to your keeping." While she yet spoke, she saw an old woman advancing towards her, which the more surprised the princess, as

no one was suffered to enter her apartments without previously obtaining her permission. She was bent almost to the ground with age and deformity; her dress was the skins of beasts, and her hair was like the snakes of Golconda. In one hand she held a staff, which served her for a support, and in the other she carried a small mirror. "Daughter of light," cried she, "I am the genie Kaptallah: I am desirous of granting you that power of knowing yourself, which but now you wished for. My extreme age has justly entitled me to wisdom superior to that of genii in general, and I am universally celebrated as the chief of our tribe. I have discovered your desires, and this mirror will gratify your utmost wishes; it will inform you of every failing that you commit: but take heed that you profit by the instruction that it conveys; the gifts of genii must not be bestowed in vain, and unless you reform the errors that at present throw a veil over your perfections, the mirror will prove a curse instead of a blessing to you; on your future actions will depend the favour of Kaptallah." With these words she suddenly disappeared, leaving the mirror in the hands of the astonished Selima. "This is indeed a gift, Zaide," cried the princess, when she had a little recovered from her astonishment; "I am determined that it shall accompany me wherever I go, since I shall need its information most when I think least of it. The genie may depend on my making proper use of it. In the mean time let refreshments be served in, as I expect several people on business in the afternoon." Scarcely was the repast concluded before Nourmahal, one of the slaves, desired admittance. "There is a poor creature, lady," she cried, "who is almost dying with hunger at the gate; she asks not for alms, but has lain herself down, praying that Alla may release her from her misery." "Do not teaze me now," cried Selima, (who had been all this time viewing herself in her new mirror,) "I have no leisure to attend to the wants of any one." Scarcely had these words issued from her mouth, ere she beheld in her glass a turning fillet bound round her brow, with this inscription, "Selima is cruel." She uttered a faint scream, and let the mirror fall; but so wonderful were its properties, that it was taken up without sustaining the least damage. The utmost attention was directed to be paid to

the dying slave, and (with her mirror in her hand) the princess withdrew to examine some pearls which she had ordered Hassan Doulah, a celebrated jeweller, to procure for her. The pearls were extremely beautiful, and as large as eggs; yet the chagrin of Selima at the unpleasant intelligence which the mirror had conveyed, made her express no approbation at what she saw, but she regarded them with the utmost indifference. The jeweller being greatly surprised and disappointed at her apathy, endeavoured to display the beauties of his merchandize. "Peace," cried the haughty fair, "I will judge for myself if you please." At this moment, looking in her mirror, she beheld, "Selima is proud." She burst into tears, and ran out of the apartment; but sent Zaide to make the man ample compensation for the trouble he had undergone. "I perceive," said Selima (as she paced along the garden,) "that I have many faults which I never suspected myself of till now. This genie's mirror has discovered wonderful things to me; but having gained that knowledge, it would be doubly culpable in me did I not endeavour to amend my errors; and I am resolved to set about the task immediately." At this moment a message was brought from Zobeide to her, desiring her company at a grand entertainment to be given by the Caliph that evening. The enraptured Selima hastily flew to her apartments to decorate herself for the intended visit. Her slaves were all assembled, and after a labour of some hours, she was at length attired in the most magnificent and tasteful dress that could be fancied for the occasion. Flushed with a desire of admiration, she thought she never looked more beautiful; and to confirm her in this opinion, she resolved to look into the enchanted mirror. But how great was her disappointment when she beheld this inscription, "Selima is vain." She managed, however, to conceal her vexation tolerably well, and, with the mirror in her hand, she tripped lightly along to the procession which waited for her. Here a croud of mendicants were waiting to crave her bounty; she hastily threw some money to them, and departed. Again she beheld her mirror, which now presented her with, "Selima, by negligence encourages the slothful." "Alas!" cried she sighing, "how lately did I resolve to abstain from all imprudence, and how badly have I kept my



resolution." With such reflections did she torment herself, till she arrived at the palace of the Caliph. Here a scene of almost unexampled splendour reigned: the halls of audience were illuminated in the most brilliant manner; aromatic odours perfumed the apartments, and sumptuous delicacies were spread for the accommodation of the visitants. Amidst a noble assembly at the upper end of the principal chamber, on a throne of ivory decorated in the most magnificent manner, sat the Caliph and Zobeide, and near them the noble Ibrahim, the only son of the respected and worthy emir Ebn Ali. "Come hither, Selima," said the Sultana, "I have reserved a place for you near me." Selima, though flattered by so great a mark of distinction, blushed as she took her seat, since it was the next to that of the young and handsome Ibrahim. This justly esteemed young man had frequently sued for favour at the hands of Selima, but hitherto, owing to the haughtiness which attended the consciousness of her attractions, and (to own the truth,) the pleasure which she received in thwarting the wishes of others, he had failed in his pursuit. He had, on this occasion, interested Zobeide in his favour, which embarrassed Selima in no trifling degree; as opposition frequently tends to retard, instead of furthering the projects which it labours to accomplish. Like a flame which is confined for a time, its ardour is but increased; and if once it is suffered to gain air, it rages with unconquerable fury. Her confusion was too apparent not to be discovered by the noble youth, who said, "This was a pleasure I had hardly dared to hope for, fair Selima, to have the pleasure of seeing you so near me; yet I fear that I shall grow giddy with so elevated a situation, since to approach too near the sun would but scorch my wings, and perhaps deprive me of the pleasure with which I might view its glory at a more humble distance." "Fear not," replied Selima, scornfully, "the rays of the sun on the summit of the mountain are less genial than in the valleys below, and I confess that I prefer its declining beams to its full risen lustre; what say you?" continued she, turning to the Emir Abou Omlah, who sat at her left hand, and who, (although past the bloom of life,) still retained the character of a gay and an accomplished courtier. "The radiance of the sun, fair Princess," returned he, "is at all

times a most pleasing and delightful object, yet I confess that I consider the beams of the morning, when unobscured by mists, as being more beautiful than at any later period." Selima blushed; the answer did not please her; she thought it conveyed an oblique censure on her conduct, and to relieve her embarrassment, she quitted her seat to go to Zobeide. As she passed along, the mirror obtruded itself upon her recollection. "Have I done wrong?" thought she; "this at least will convince me whether the reply of Omlah was just." She consulted the mirror; it told her, "Selima is a coquette." Still more chagrined, she hastened to the throne. "What," cried Zobeide, "have you so soon left Ibrahim; I placed you under his protection, and thought, with reason, that he could entertain you better than I. Go, you froward child," continued she, smiling and patting her on the cheek, "and let me see no more of you." It was a night of vexation to poor Selima, for when she regained her seat, both her former companions had fled. In vain she endeavoured to hide, even from herself, the interest she took in the steps of Ibrahim; she wished for his return, yet endeavoured to think that she was careless about it; she was restless and uneasy, yet would scarcely acknowledge why, even to herself. While yet she perplexed herself, she perceived the object of her meditations take his seat by the side of a very beautiful young lady, who sat on the opposite side of the hall. Her dress was the most elegant and becoming that could be imagined, and the pleasure which she seemed to derive from the attention of Ibrahim, planted a thorn in the breast of Selima. At this moment Nouraddin, the Caliph's jester, placed himself by the side of Selima. He was the greatest gossip in the court, and at this time was not an unacceptable companion, as she was inflamed with a desire to know who was the lady that had attracted the notice of Ibrahim. "Zulmine," cried Nouraddin, "seems to receive more attention from Ibrahim than I have observed for a long time; she is very beautiful, and amiable in the extreme: do not you think so?" addressing himself to Selima. "I cannot quite agree with you," returned Selima; "methinks her eyes are too large, and rather heavy; her complexion is fair to be sure, but yet it has something of a deadly paleness; it cannot be denied but that her hair is

very beautiful, but I am astonished that she will wear it in so unbecoming a manner. Nevertheless she is certainly very handsome, but yet I wonder that Ibrahim should pay her so much homage." At this moment the mirror caught her attention: "Selima is envious," was the inscription. "I agree entirely with you there," returned Nouraddin, without perceiving the embarrassment which her countenance betrayed, "especially as Zulmine is his sister."—"Sister," exclaimed Selima, "is Zulmine then his sister?" "Unquestionably she is," replied Nouraddin. A message from the Caliph, at this moment, fortunately deprived Selima of her companion, and left her at leisure to rejoice at this intelligence. Yet, so capricious is human nature, that as soon as her joy had a little subsided, her anger and haughtiness returned, and she became dissatisfied with Ibrahim for his attention even to his sister. The arrival of her lover afforded her an opportunity of venting her spleen. He solicited her to join him in the dance. "No," replied Selima, "I should be but an incumbrance to you: no doubt there are many ladies in this room, who are far more agreeable to you than I am." "How have I ever given you reason to suppose so?" enquired Ibrahim; "surely you cannot deem me inconstant?" "Inconstant," replied the scornful fair, "you are very presuming this evening; pray let me hear no more of such language." The disappointed Ibrahim bowed, and departed with evident concern. After he was gone, Selima reflected on her behaviour. "I will consult my monitor," cried she. The mirror contained "Selima is unjust." "Alas," thought she, "this mirror magnifies trifles into crimes; the genie herself is unjust." She repented her words as soon as they were spoken, and being unable to derive any further pleasure from the gaieties which surrounded her, she took leave of the Caliph and Zobeide, and departed home. The disappointments of the evening, however, did not disturb her rest, and her slumbers were protracted till her pale rose-color draperies, (heightened by the sun) seemed to blush for her laziness. The mirror was the first thing she consulted on rising. Here a reproof awaited her: "Selima is slothful," was the inscription she now beheld. She hastily dressed herself to atone for the time which she had already wasted, and de-



cended to breakfast with her father Giaffar; but his countenance no longer smiled on her; his brow was clouded with anger, and in severe terms did he reprove his daughter for her imperious behaviour to her lover on the preceding evening. "Your sovereigns," continued he, "participate in my vexation; they consider you to be unworthy of his future regard; and unless you resolve to amend your behaviour towards Ibrahim, you will alienate the affections of a father, whose chief wishes have hitherto been for the promotion of your happiness." "Surely," replied Selima, tartly, "I am the best judge of what will conduce most effectually to establish my future happiness, and if I cannot please thus, I shall endeavour to gain the applause of my own heart, with which I shall be contented." "Do not deceive yourself," returned Giaffar, "you cannot conceal the pleasure which you derive from the attachment of Ibrahim, and your opposition to his suit arises only from your self-elevated and assuming disposition." "You are unjust, Sir," replied Selima, "and I shall pay no regard to the dictates of prejudice and oppression." With these words she flew to her own apartments, but in her way the mirror dropped from her side. She hastily raised it from the ground, when these words arrested her attention, "Selima is undutiful." "Nay then," cried she, seemingly recollecting herself, "there is but one way to repair this error." So saying, she flew back to her father, to put in execution an odious resolution which had presented itself to her mind. Throwing herself at the feet of Giaffar, she cried, "Forgive me, my father, for my behaviour to you, but indeed I did not treat Ibrahim in so haughty a manner without provocation. But to brave my resentment in the manner which he did, by noticing another woman at the Caliph's entertainment, justly deserved my anger; and to so inconstant a lover I never can consent to yield my hand." "Selima," cried the noble-minded Giaffar, in a voice of thunder, "I am at a loss which to condemn most, your duplicity or your unworthiness. I am not ignorant of the information given you by Nouraddin, respecting the amiable Zulmine; would that you resembled her in mind and temper; but, as it is, you are unworthy to enter into so noble a family, or to bear me company." With these words he left the wretched Selima to bewail her

crimes. "I want but one more proof of my father's assertion," cried Selima, sobbing; "my mirror." The letters were larger and more brilliant than usual; the inscription, "Selima is wicked," and beneath it, in small characters, "remember Kaptallah." "Now am I determined," at length cried the fair one, "the retrospection of a few hours makes me shudder, and I can only wonder at my past infatuation and wickedness." "Zaide," continued she, "run to my father, and request him in my name to return." At the feet of Giaffar, Selima made a solemn recantation of her errors; and after paying a just tribute to the worth of Ibrahim, and acknowledging her affection for him, she requested her father to convey the intelligence of her reformation to her lover, and to the Caliph and Zobeide; which with heartfelt satisfaction, and tears of joy, Giaffar promised to perform. In as short a time as possible, the enraptured lover flew to his mistress, and their nuptials were soon after solemnized, under the patronage of the Caliph, with the utmost magnificence. It is necessary to add, that Selima took care to reform her future conduct; and that in a short time Kaptallah reclaimed the enchanted mirror, acknowledging at the same time, that Selima had no further occasion for it.

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Have any of my readers a wish for a gift like Selima's?—that wish is already gratified—*The Mirror of Selima was—conscience.*

ARMINE.

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### A DEMI-SOLILOQUY ON LADIES WIGS.

NO——I will have nothing to say to the *Bishops* or their *wigs*—let the *new Right Reverend* of —— and his learned brethren settle the matter as they can. I must confess I am like the honest fellow in the farce, "for *liberty, property, and a strait head of hair*:" and I rejoice that we have the liberty to do as we please. He that has *property* may wear a *wig* if he likes it, and *vice versa*——and why should the *Bishops* be excluded the privileges of the *laity*? But I will keep my word, and let their Reverences alone.

Nor am I inclined to go into the *history of wigs*, which

involves an infinity of learning—ininitely more than any wig at this time covers—I speak with all due deference to both the benches, *legal* and *ecclesiastical*—not forgetting Mr. Serjeant H. whose wig covers as much learning as any wig in England, though it is usually covered with a hat, tied down with a handkerchief, and protected from rain in winter, and the same in summer, by a large umbrella. I never beheld a wig for which I had a higher respect. I know the *Twelve Judges*, the *Master of the Rolls*, and the *Lord Chancellor*, have a proper regard for Mr. Serjeant H's wig—at least for the pericranium under it. But, for my own part, the wigs of the Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Judges, the Bishops, and the Bar, excite trifling sensations compared with those which I feel when I contemplate the *female wiggyery*, whither it be *Roman* or *Athenian*; for I am not to learn that Roman belles wore wigs, because *that retailer of private scandal*, Master Javenal has something to say thereupon. As to Athenians, ask Mr. R. of Bishopsgate-street; he will tell you *Lais* and *Thais* were his customers.

The precise cause of the introduction of wigs, among the belles of this day, I am not able to learn. I know not with whom it originated; because we have long been without any specific leader of ton——ever since the Duchess of —— was tired of the office,—and which perhaps remains with her daughter, Lady G—C—, to revive; when I hope the *wiggyery* will become *quite frightful, obsolete, extinct*.

I could display some eloquence in praise of wigs for those ladies whose natural locks have either vanished or turned gray:——but for the *young and beautiful*, what apology can ingenuity offer?

Every young lady wishes to be deemed a *beauty*, nay, a *goddess*; now, who ever heard of a *goddess in a wig*?

Juno, Minerva, and Venus, when they exhibited themselves before Paris, sported a luxuriant profusion of natural hair; tresses flying before the wind: but as to a wig, what would Paris have said to an artificial wig?

Then look at that same Venus rising from the sea; neither wig, nor yet cap.

Did Helen, the most beautiful of the Greeks, wear a wig?



Did Mary Queen of Scots wear a wig?

Did any one of the Hampton court beauties wear a wig?

Did Lady Coventry wear a wig?

Did the beautiful Antoinette of France wear a wig?

Does the Princess Mary wear a wig?

O, but *fashion*! Fashion has nothing to do with precedent! it sets every thing at defiance—every thing but nature: it always pretends to have some analogy to nature; and even our sagacious young ladies have their hair cut off for the purpose of having a natural wig! and this wig to resemble, as nearly as possible, the *natty wig* of the under-groom in the stables.

Thus our *belles of the haut ton* emulate our *beaux of the lobby* in the adoption of plebeian vulgarity of appearance: and taste, the variation of fancy, the light, the airy, the agreeable, the seasonable, the charming combinations of judgement and elegance, are sacrificed for the most contemptible and ridiculous extravagance; for the *thing*, the *go*, and the *gig*! terms quite opposite to the *things*, the *goes*, and the *gigs*, they are meant to denote.

From this general animadversion I must, however, exempt the *ladies of the stage*. I protest I have no animosity against Miss D's *à la Brutus*: I shall let that alone; I have no right to touch it; it might suit Mr. K—— in one of his passionate characters: and in return he might lend her his *truncheon*; or what not, any thing in a civil way: I mean not to encroach on *theatrical freedom*; and as to the *dramatic wiggery*, be it sacred for me, since the very life and essence of *some characters* consists in a *right use of a wig*!

To see our young lords and our young gentlemen "*cutting a swell*," as the fashionable phrase is, dressed in the habit, and adopting the language and manners of brothel bullies; for that's the *go*: and to behold our amiable young ladies striving to rival in appearance and knowingness the nocturnal trampers of the Strand, is undoubtedly a very edifying and cheering prospect, promising much future felicity in the rising generation. Spirit of my grandmother! those who witnessed the times when my country was the scene of heart-felt mirth and genuine festivity; when all her sons were valiant, and all her daughters chaste; then fashion

was arrayed by decency; when beauty blushed at folly; then——

Pray, Sir, when might your grandmother die?

What a provoking interruption! Why, Sir, a long time before her grand-daughter wore a wig!

M—z—n.

M. P. M.

### SIGNS.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING a man of independent fortune, rather advanced in years, and of a very curious disposition, I frequently amuse myself with perambulating the streets of your extensive "forest of chimnies," and endeavour to glean such food as may tend to gratify my ravenous appetite for inquiry. It has often struck me, that the *Signs* in the metropolis are so opposite the several professions they are intended to designate, that some remedy should be applied; for I thought we should have had foreigners, in consequence of the influx occasioned by the late peace, when they entered the *Lamb Public House*, ask for *fleecy hosiery*; and the *Rose Bagnio*, for a *bouquet*.

Walking the other day near Smithfield, I was surprised at observing a sign called the "*Cow and Snuffers!*" and whilst I was endeavouring to throw some *light* upon the subject, and puzzling myself in attempting to discover how a cow could *snuff* a candle, or even a *farthing rushlight*, I was saluted, on turning round, with a fine varnished board, on which some artist had exercised his ingenuity in painting a "*Goat in Boots!*"—I first thought this a satire on our old *debauchees*, most of whom hide their spindle legs in the tasselled Hessian; but was told it conveyed quite a different meaning: it satisfied me. Pursuing my walk, I observed against a strong new-built house, "*A Hole in the Wall!*" and chancing to pass near the *Fleet Prison*, perceived, with some surprise, a "*Friend at Hand.*" Over a house kept by "Nic. Coward," I saw the "*Fighting Cocks!*" and at a *crimping rendezvous* I remarked the "*Tree of Liberty!*" "*The Jolly Gardeners*" were stuck up at a *purl-house*; and it was with much mortification I detected the "*Three*"

*Graces*" at a *Gin-shop*. Passing by a public-house, the landlady of which was exercising the most *clamorous volubility*, I could scarcely credit my eyes on viewing "*the Good Woman*;" or, in other words, "*a Woman without a Head*." Entering a house for refreshment, I was told, after calling the waiter for an hour, that I was at the sign of the "Bell;" and upon desiring the master of "the Hen and Chickens" to send me home a fine *Capon*, he shewed me some *cambric*, and assured me it was under *prime cost*. The most ominous sign for the *Customer*, I thought was the "Three Pigeons;" and I own it was with considerable astonishment, when, after ordering a bed at the "Feathers," I was compelled to pass the night on a *straw mattrass*. I breakfasted at the "Red Cow," where there was *no milk* to be had; nor could I procure a single *rasher of bacon* at the "Sow and Pigs."—It would militate, Mr. Editor, against the sentiments of your loyal museum, were I to particularize the different gradations of *crowned heads*, though I cannot help mentioning other incongruities I witnessed during my walk; such as a "Ship," full sail up Holborn Hill; a "Castle" over a hovel; the sign of the "Bull," kept by a *Frenchman*; and the "*White Swan*," by a *Blackamoor*; independent of "*Red Lions*," "*Blue Bears*," and all the perverted monsters of the forest.

Were Signs, Mr. Editor, properly analogous to the dispositions and professions of men, much good would result from such a *Pharos* to warn the unwary. I therefore, through the extensive circulation of your valuable Museum, recommend that

A Courtier be represented by a	-	-	Jackal;
A Sailor	-	-	Bulldog;
A Lawyer	-	-	Vulture;
An Alderman	-	-	Ass;
Buonaparte	-	-	Fox;
And Lord Nelson	-	-	A Lion.

M—r—z—n.

Yours,  
TOM TRUEPENNY.



## LE MELANGE.

NO. X.

## CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF GLOVES.

IN the beginning of the ninth century, the use of Gloves was become so universal, that even the Church thought a regulation in that part of dress necessary. In the reign of Lewis le Debonnaire, the council of Aix ordered that the monks should only wear gloves made of sheep skin. That time has made alterations in the form of this, as in all other apparel, appears from the old pictures and monuments.

Let us now proceed to point out the various uses of Gloves in several ages; for, beside their original design for a covering of the hand, they have been employed on several great and solemn occasions: as in the ceremony of *Investitures*, in bestowing lands; or in conferring *dignities*. Giving possession by the delivery of a Glove, prevailed in several parts of Christendom in later ages. In the year 1002, the bishops of Paderborn and Moncerco were put into possession of their sees by receiving a glove. It was thought so essential a part of the episcopal habit, that some Abbots in France presuming to wear Gloves, the council of Poitiers interposed in the affair, and forbade them the use, on the same principle as the ring and sandals; these being peculiar to Bishops.

Favin observes, that the custom of blessing Gloves at the coronation of the kings of France, which still subsists, is a remain of the Eastern practice of investiture by a Glove. A remarkable instance of this ceremony is recorded in the German history. The unfortunate Conradin was deprived of his crown and his life by the usurper Mainfroy. When having ascended the scaffold, the injured prince lamented his hard fate, he asserted his right to the crown; and as a token of investiture, threw his Glove among the crowd, intreating that it might be conveyed to some of his relations, who would revenge his death. It was taken up by a knight, who brought it to Peter, king of Arragon, who was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

As the delivery of Gloves was once a part of the ceremony

used in giving possession ; so the depriving a person of them was a mark of divesting him of his office, and of degrading him. The earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward the Second, impeached of holding a correspondence with the Scots, was condemned to die as a traitor. Walsingham, relating other circumstances of his degradation, says, " His spurs were cut off with a hatchet, and his Gloves and shoes were taken off," &c.

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AMONG the admirable axioms of Sir Thomas Overbury, there is one which places the knight's opinion of family honours in a very conspicuous point of view. He says that the man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potatoe, the only good belonging to him is under ground.

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WHEN *Butler*, duke of Ormond, went over as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the vessel was driven by stress of weather into the Isle of Man, where his Grace was hospitably entertained by the curate of the place, named *Joseph*. The pleasantness of his landlord induced the Duke to inquire into his circumstances, and, finding that they were but scanty, he promised to provide for him as soon as he should be settled in the viceroyship. *Joseph* waited many months in hopes of hearing from his patron ; but being disappointed, he resolved to go over to Dublin to remind him of his promise. Despairing of gaining access to the Duke, he waited upon Dean Swift, and asked his permission to preach at the cathedral the next Sunday. The Dean, delighted with his conversation, gave his consent. The Lord Lieutenant, with his court, were all at church, and sat opposite to the pulpit ; none of them had any recollection of *Joseph*, till, after naming his text, which was in Genesis, xl. 23. " Yet did not the chief *Butler* remember *Joseph*, but forgot him," he made so pointed an allusion to the Duke, and his entertainment in the Isle of Man, that his features were recognised ; and, when the sermon was done, he was invited to the castle, and a good living was provided for him.

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## ALTERATION! WONDERFUL ALTERATION!

THE day after Candlemas-day, in the reign of Edward the Second, in the year 1314, a Parliament was assembled purposely to fix the price of victuals, which were then so dear that the common people were not able to live. It was fixed as follows:—

A stalled or corn-fed ox, no more than	-	£1	4	0
A grass-fed ditto, - - - -	-	0	16	0
A stalled or corn-fed cow, - - - -	-	0	12	0
A grass-fed ditto, - - - -	-	0	10	0
A fat sheep, with the wool on, - - - -	-	0	1	8
A fat sheep, with the wool shorn, - - - -	-	0	1	2
A fat hog, two years old, - - - -	-	0	3	4
A fat goose, - - - -	-	0	0	2½
A ditto, in the city of London, - - - -	-	0	0	3
A fat capon, - - - -	-	0	0	2
A ditto, in the city of London, - - - -	-	0	0	2½
A fat hen, - - - -	-	0	0	1
A ditto, in the city of London, - - - -	-	0	0	1½
Two chickens, - - - -	-	0	0	1
Two ditto, in the city of London, - - - -	-	0	0	1½
Four pigeons, - - - -	-	0	0	1
Three ditto, in the city of London, - - - -	-	0	0	1
Twenty-four eggs, - - - -	-	0	0	1
Twenty ditto, in the city of London, - - - -	-	0	0	1

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born at Budely in Devonshire; his introduction to the court was upon this occasion. This captain Raleigh, coming out of Ireland into the English court in good habit, (his clothes being then a considerable part of his estate,) found the queen walking, till meeting with a dirty place, she seemed to scruple going over it: presently Raleigh cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground, whereon the queen trod gently, rewarding him afterwards with many suits for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a foot-cloth. An advantageous admittance into the first notice of a prince, is more than half a degree to preferment. When Sir Walter found some hopes of the queen's favour reflecting on him, he wrote on a glass window obvious to the queen's eye,



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"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

Her majesty, either espying, or else being shewed it, did under-write,

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

How great a person in that court this knight did afterwards prove to be, is scarcely unknown to any.

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### ENIGMA, BY BEN JONSON.

A MOWER there is who never whets his scythe;  
 Of what he cuts no Parson e'er asks tythe;  
 By day or night, him still at work you'll find;  
 His work once done, he never looks behind.  
 Tho' old, he never rests, nor sits, nor lies,  
 And moves so fast that some folks say he flies.  
 Ne'er follow him, but catch him in the front,  
 Make much of him, 'twill turn to good account.  
 But I forgot, one thing I ought to mention,  
 He was the original of a clock's intention.  
 I say no more but this, for sake of rhyme,  
 You'll surely find him, if you take your time.

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### *A Receipt for composing a Modern Love Letter.*

TAKE five hundred protestations, half as many vows, three thousand lies, fifty pounds weight of deceit, an equal quantity of nonsense, and treble the whole of flattery. Mix all these ingredients together, and add thereto half a scruple of sincerity; sweetening it often with the words *Angel, Goddess, Honey, Charmer*, and the like. When it is sweetened to your taste, take as much of it at a time as you think proper, fold it up in gilt paper, seal it with the impression of a flaming heart full of wounds, let it be carefully delivered, and it is irresistible.

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About the year 980, Agna Sancha, countess of Castille, being a widow, became passionately in love with a Moorish prince; and having resolved to marry him, she formed the design of poisoning her son Sancho Garcia, count of Castille, who might have opposed this union. Garcia being informed of her design, when a cup of wine, which had been

poisoned by order of the countess, was presented to him at table, without seeming to know any thing of the matter, he begged, as if out of compliment, that his mother would drink first. Agna perceiving that her criminal intention was discovered, and despairing to obtain pardon, drank the contents of the cup, and soon after expired. This, it is said, gave rise to the custom in Castille, of making the women drink first, which is still observed as a point of civility in different parts of Spain.

#### DESCRIPTION OF A PARTY OF PLEASURE.

WE went out *clean* . . . . . We came home *dirty*.  
 We went out sober . . . . . We came home drunk.  
 We went out well . . . . . We came home sick.  
 We went out laughing . . . . . We came home crying.  
 We went out sound . . . . . We came home broken.  
 We went out with cash . . . . . We came home penniless.  
 We went out for air . . . . . We came home full of dust.

#### THE SKAITER.

GLIDING like Zephyr, ever on the wing,  
 Save the light track upon the path impress'd,  
 The Skaiter sports as fancy dictates best,  
 And finds in Winter all the charms of Spring.  
 The branches each in hoary garb array'd,  
 Inventive fancy paints a lively green;  
 The sun's majestic radiance gilds the scene,  
 Beaming mild lustre on the dewy glade.  
 As on the ice they sail with thoughtless air,  
 Skimming the surface with renew'd delight;  
 So pleasure shines to the enraptur'd sight,  
 And bids each glowing bosom banish care.  
 Press not the flow'ry way—delusive bliss!  
 Beneath the surface yawns the dread abyss.

*To the Editor of the Lady's Museum.*

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH a certain degree of censure is generally attached to the character of an Old Maid, yet I cannot help

thinking our situation far preferable to that of a *Fashionable Wife*.

By the term *fashionable wife*, I mean you to understand, Mr. Editor, an unfortunate young woman who has blended her destiny with a *Man of Ton*; one imposed upon by the spurious speciousness of a fascinating exterior; in short, a mere embellished casket to contain a common stone. These polished puppies of the present age, Sir, I consider as perfect pests in society; unfitted by education for any rational design, they seem sent into the world merely to prey upon the unsuspecting, and to blast the pleasing prospects of the marriage state.

There is scarcely a *squib*, or a *satire*, upon our sisterhood which I have not eagerly perused; and frequently have I been amused by the vain attempts at witticism which invariably run through every species of this kind of work. The authors of these satirical kind of writings, not contented with degrading us in this terrestrial sphere, wisely think proper to allot us a situation in the other world. Yet the undignified employment of *leading apes*, I consider far preferable to that of being *driven by apes*; and the greater number of modern husbands deserve that appellation: for injured in their health, and ruined in their fortunes, they merely marry for the purpose of retrieving their affairs. Their wives, it is true, bear their name, but their mistresses possess their affections; and on them is the fortune of the being they solemnly vowed to love and cherish, squandered and thrown away.

Let me then conjure you, Mr. Editor, not to allow your intelligent publication to be disgraced by philippics upon old maids; for, from the specimen I am about to give your readers, I am inclined to think they will allow our situation far preferable to that of the married state.

Amelia C—— was the daughter of an English merchant, whose family was not only respectable, but dignified. Nature to Amelia had acted most bountifully, for she was beautiful in person, and completely polished in mind. To these attractions was added a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and at the age of nineteen she was united to a young Baronet, whom I shall introduce to my



readers' acquaintance under the title of Sir Charles C——. At the period of this inauspicious marriage, Sir Charles had just entered his twenty-ninth year, and within three months of this alliance, I was invited to pass the winter in Berkley Square. As my young friend happened to be from home at the moment of my arrival, I amused myself with taking a survey of her truly stylish abode; report had represented Sir Charles as a dissipated character, but as the amiable Amelia gave a different account, I paid but little attention to what I had heard. At the end of the library was an elegant little dressing-room, furnished with drawings by my young friend, which I was in the act of admiring when two gentlemen entered the adjoining room. Not being personally known to Sir Charles, I found my situation rather awkward, as I could not escape from my captivity without passing through the apartment in which they were; therefore, taking up a book, I seated myself upon a sofa, and undesignedly overheard the following dialogue:—

"Faith, Charles, you have been a lucky fellow; but Cleveland swears he'll call you out, for he was in full scent after the heiress, and but for your handsome phiz, he would have carried her off."

"D— the fellow's impudence," replied Sir Charles, "why, Amelia could not bear him; she has too much taste to like such an ugly dog; I was lucky, I allow; for, between ourselves, I could not have stood another winter in town. I had lost ten thousand to Lord Frederick, five to Frank Hartley; and that little devil Eliza was continually draining my purse."

"A-propos of Eliza," rejoined his companion, "is it true that Sir George Ashley has taken her off your hands?"

"Taken her off! by G— he should as soon have taken out my vitals," replied this affectionate husband, in an exalted tone of voice; "who the devil told you that such a treaty was in agitation? If I thought Ashley ever visited her, I'd blow out his brains." "I don't know who told me, but I heard it casually mentioned the other night at White's; has her ladyship no suspicion of your attachment to the girl?"

"Poh! suspicion! what damned nonsense.—Has Lady Louisa any suspicion of your brunette? for you have not de-

cency enough to use any precaution ; why, your carriage is always waiting at the end of the street."

"Lady Louisa," exclaimed Sir Charles's fashionable associate, "what right had she to suppose I could be true to her bed? Why, damn it, Charles, she was old enough to know all the tricks of the town; and by G— I am too honest to attempt deceiving her. But your's and mine is a very different case; you are united to a lovely young creature, whilst I am wedded to a woman who nursed me when a child."

"Well, my Lord," rejoined Sir Charles, "if there is any sin in inconstancy, your's will fall upon your shoulders with a pretty heavy weight; for all the world admire Lady Louisa, and condemn you as a shameless rake, who, instead of veiling his principles under the mask of concealment, blazons them in the open face of day. Now, for my part, though I think a wife ought to be trained like a spaniel, and accustomed to submit to control; yet all intrigues should be conducted with precaution, for it is secrecy, my good fellow, that sweetens the source; a stolen embrace has charms attached to it beyond the power of language to express. Previous to marriage I loved Eliza, but I now doat upon her to an extravagant excess; and what is it that has excited this increase of passion? why, my dear fellow, nothing more than the difficulty with which that passion is displayed; and if all marriages were consummated under the veil of secrecy, there would not be so many cornuted heads."

"You are an eccentric fellow, Charles," replied his Lordship, "but, by G—, I would willingly pay ten thousand pounds for the gratification of cornuting you; for though it is acknowledging a dangerous truth to a husband, I actually am desperately in love with Lady C——."

"She has attractions, I acknowledge, my Lord, but I married her fortune; for she is not exactly the girl to my taste. Oh! ye gods! Eliza is the woman to fire an icicle, and animate the bosom of a saint. Amelia is too cold, too great a piece of still life; too good, too pure, and too immaculate for me."

"Leave her to my tuition a little," replied his Lordship;

"she is, I perceive, wholly ignorant of the world; I allow she wants that high-finished polish which at once proclaims a woman of ton; still she is a most captivating creature, and by G—, Charles, I am desperately in love."

A loud rap at the door proclaimed the arrival of a visitor, or the lady of the house; it happened, however, to prove the latter; and the two Gentlemen flew to hand her out of the coach; and in the interim I seized the opportunity, and, unperceived, ran up stairs.

I will not, Mr. Editor, attempt to describe the sensations which the sentiments of Amelia's husband had inspired. I considered that this lovely young creature was placed upon the edge of a precipice, from which the hand which ought to shield her, seemed inclined to dash her down. In the fullness of my heart I blessed providence that I was not a mother, and had avoided entering into the marriage state. What trials are the inexperienced exposed to! Libertinism is now actually become a science, and I should not be astonished to see advertisements professing to teach the art of intrigue.

I commenced my correspondence, Sir, in a cheerful vein of humour, but by recalling to my recollection the conversation which took place in Berkley-square, my ideas have taken an opposite direction, and I can no longer support even a sprightliness of style. For the honour of human nature, however, I will hope there are not many husbands who despise the sacred tie of marriage like Sir Charles C—— and his dissipated friend; yet, in high life, it must be allowed, that this indissoluble engagement is too often formed upon an interested plan; and a young woman of large fortune is considered as a bait for the designing and the depraved. Marriage, like death, is a bourn from which there is no returning; and the old song ought to be attended to, of "look before you leap;" for when the spring is made, reaction is impossible, and the plunge either involves us in misery, or insures happiness and peace.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your sincere admirer and well wisher,

AN OLD MAID.

**DEBATES FOR THE LADIES.****NO. IV.**

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**Q.** "Would it not be more just to respect, rather than ridicule, that class of females distinguished by the appellation of Old Maids?"

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**CAPTAIN RATTLE.**

"GENTLEMEN, I take the liberty of speaking first on this subject, though a junior member of the society, having had from my earliest years an unconquerable antipathy against every unmarried female who had passed the meridian of youth and beauty. But before I presume to state my own individual grievances, let me, in the words of a sensible and ingenious author, designate the class of females now under consideration.—'An old maid is a sort of venomous animal, peculiar to this country; so wicked in its temper, and so mischievous in its disposition, that one is surprised that its very existence should be tolerated in civilized society.'"<sup>\*</sup> Further than this, it is again described by a modern dramatist as a 'creature delighting in cards and scandal.' With such unquestionable authorities, I think I may venture to proceed, and, without subjecting myself to the imputation of illiberality, prove how consistent it is with reason and justice that such beings should be held up as objects of derision and contempt. Of all the various failings incident to the fair sex, ill-temper is that which most effectually deters a man from entering into a permanent engagement with the object of his regard. A homely person may become agreeable by habitual intimacy and cheerfulness of disposition, to reckon nothing on the variety of taste which renders that pleasing to one which may disgust another. An uninformed woman may find admirers if her face is a letter of recommendation; and a woman of sense and talents must be desirable to any man of discernment. But ill-temper is the scarecrow which effectually guards the

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\* Miss Hamilton's Letters of a Hindoo Rajah.



apple of chastity, till, withered and tasteless, it falls to the ground, without having answered any purpose of luxury or utility. If, in addition to this primary cause of celibacy, other noxious qualities should be discovered, who but must shrink with disgust from an old maid? who but must deride their affected prudery, and listen with contempt to their malicious detraction of those whose inviting charms fill them with secret rage and envy."

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MR. MEANWELL.

"I could not so long have remained silent, had not the rules of this society allowed to every member uninterrupted liberty of speech, unless transgressing against the established decorum which has hitherto been unviolated. I am sorry to observe that the last speaker has very nearly subjected himself to this reproach, for such an ungenerous invective against women, as that he has just uttered, I never before heard, nor could ever have expected, from a man of his known gallantry. With respect to what he has advanced on the subject of ill-temper, I admit that there is much truth and justice in his observations; but I would not have him for a moment harbour the idea that no woman remains single but by our general desertion. I have known exemplary instances of the contrary, and, by stating one or two of them, will prove that the most amiable qualities may inhabit the breast of an old maid. Dorothea was the daughter of a respectable tradesman: as far as his means would admit, he bestowed on her a liberal education, and innate genius improved every advantage. At the age of eighteen, Dorothea was sensible, accomplished, and possessed of a refined taste. The class of young men among whom her sphere in life necessarily placed her, possessed few qualifications to attract her admiration, or secure her esteem. It was not sufficient for her that a suitor dressed like a beau, or chattered the small talk of the day—snipped off a yard of ribbon with dexterity, or treated her to hot rolls and tea at Hornsey Wood every Sunday evening; accident had thrown her among men of well-informed minds and polished manners, and to such, alas! she dared not aspire. She possessed resources within herself which made her look forward to a

life of celibacy without terror; and such a life she chose in preference to the sacrifice of her peace, which must have been the consequence of her union with one whose habits, taste, and disposition could never assimilate with her own. Dorothea is now forty years of age: her talents have procured her an easy independence; and having passed those struggles of the heart which most of her sex experience, she is perfectly satisfied with her lot, respected by her neighbours, and beloved by her friends. The next instance I have to produce is my unfortunate friend Rebecca. She entered life with the most flattering prospects, and a too susceptible heart. At nineteen she listened to the addresses of a young man, who was the first and only object of her attachment. Every thing was in readiness for their nuptials, when a sister, for whom she entertained the fondest affection, fell dangerously ill; and at a moment when parting life seemed hanging by the slenderest thread, confessed the secret cause of her disorder to be love for the object of her sister's preference. Distracted between these objects so dear, Rebecca, in a fit of enthusiasm, made a sacrifice of her own happiness, and promised never to marry Delamere. But the conflict was too great; and her mental faculties sustained an irreparable shock. The wretched Delamere quitted his native country; and, to complete the dreadful catastrophe, fell the victim of disease in a foreign climate. Rebecca slowly recovered; the fond care and attention of her friends have succeeded in restoring her to society; but an occasional derangement has prevented her from entering into any matrimonial connection. She is now an old maid, and I appeal to the hearts of my auditors whether her peculiarities ought not to be regarded with an eye of tender commiseration."

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MR. CAVIL.

"I acknowledge that our worthy member, Mr. Meanwell, in his last picture, has made a powerful appeal to our feelings; and little can be said on the subject, except to deplore that unhappy excess of sensibility which could sacrifice the happiness of a whole family to a point of honour. Such instances, however, are but rare, though I perfectly agree with him in the opinion, that as many are old maids by choice

as through necessity. I cannot, however, pass over his argument without one observation, drawn from me by the conduct of Dorothea. I cannot altogether approve of that refinement which teaches a woman to despise those whose situation in life has deprived them of such advantages as she may have adventitiously enjoyed. Many good husbands and good fathers are to be seen behind their counters; and, in my opinion, they are much more in character there, or at Hornsey Wood tea-house, than sporting their tandems in Hyde Park, or their money at Brighton race course—shewing their dexterity at a billiard-table, or washing their profits away at Margate. The fastidiousness and pride of our boarding-school Misses is now become an enormous evil. They are trained to become the wives of lords, and, if disappointed in these fallacious hopes, either become the victims of licentiousness or peevish old maids, who, under such circumstances, are certainly objects of ridicule and contempt. But let me now direct your attention to another class of females. I mean those indigent orphans, who, being at an early age apprenticed to one particular line of business, have had no opportunity of improving their minds, or even of acquiring that degree of domestic knowledge which can properly qualify them for the discharge of their duties in the married state. In these, though there must be allowed some excess, vanity and a passion for dress is generally predominant. For such what establishment can be expected? Few men of fortune would choose a wife from such a class; and young tradesmen require money, or such endowments as may render such an addition to their little stock of small importance. Such females, therefore, if they have too much virtue to yield to the arts of seduction, are most likely to augment the number of old maids; and in these are found all the absurdity of antiquated coquetry, and all the peevishness of mortified vanity. These, though they excite our ridicule, yet have a claim on our compassion. The inference I would draw from this is, that indiscriminate praise or censure should not be attached to any class of individuals: because there are some malicious, slanderous old maids, should the whole sisterhood be stigmatised?—Surely not. If their chastity is too rigid, it is at any rate an excess of virtue; and judging, as they must, of the injustice, and, in some in-



stances, the depravity of mankind, they cannot be too zealous in their admonitions to the young and inexperienced. In fact, I am often inclined to imagine, that many of the satirical aspersions cast on an old maid, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person?—She will certainly be an old maid. Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex?—She has all the squeamishness of an old maid. Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in all her domestic concerns?—She is “cut out for an old maid;” and if she is kindly humane to the humble animal about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an old maid. In fact, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity are the real characteristics of that terrible creature “an old maid.”

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MR. PLACID.

“To this generous defence of an injured tribe, let me add my testimony. My early youth has passed under the care of a maternal friend, to whose amiable disposition my heart can alone do ample justice. It is needless to enter into a minute detail of the various incidents which have caused her to remain unmarried till her present age; suffice it they were such as would rather reflect disgrace on our sex than on her; and I am fully persuaded that many females in her situation have remained single from motives far more honourable to their understanding than those which induce so many to marry. But what can avail my feeble arguments against the torrent of prejudice, if even the benevolent Hayley has written his essay in vain? My opinion is established; and if ever I marry, it shall be found that I choose a woman whose chastity has been proof against temptation, and whose experience renders her approval of me the highest compliment I can desire, in preference to one who has too little fortitude to resist the first solicitation, and who might perhaps fall with as much facility into the snare of licentiousness as into the arms of an honourable lover.”

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As no one attempted to oppose the last speaker, the decision was given in favour of old maids, though Captain Rattle ventured a few oblique sneers at old bachelors making the



majority; but as he could not support the argument with the fair weapons of truth and reason, his sarcasms were disregarded, and the question put for the next debate, viz.

"Which is most despicable in the eyes of a sensible woman—a Coxcomb, a Sot, or an ignorant Clown?"

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DESCRIPTION OF

MOUNT VERNON AND ALEXANDRIA, IN THE  
UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

*From "Janson's Stranger in America," just published in London.*

TRAVELLERS, in proceeding through the United States, whose only business is to view the country, and make observations on the manners of the people, generally visit Mount Vernon, once the favoured retirement of General Washington, on their progress through the United States. A description of this place by various writers is already before the public, but a correct one is difficult to be found. The accuracy of the following may be depended upon. There is nothing very striking in the design or execution of the building, but the situation, commanding an extensive prospect over the majestic river Potomack, where it is nearly two miles wide, added to the circumstance of its having been the seat of one of the greatest characters of the last century, renders it an object of attention. As a tribute of respect to his memory, vessels of war, and such as are armed, on passing, salute the house. The Mount Vernon estate is now in the occupation of Bushrod Washington, Esq. a nephew of the late general, and one of the associate judges of the supreme federal courts. The mount is two hundred yards above the level of the water, and the house stands within sixty yards of the verge, nine miles below Alexandria, and in Fairfax county, Virginia; it is 280 miles from the sea. In front there is a lofty portico, ninety-six feet in length, and supported by eight pillars. The rear is towards the river, and it is a pleasing relief to the eye of the passenger, wearied with the succession of woods that clothe its banks. On the other side is the state of Maryland, which renders the view from the mount more delightful. There

are two wings to the house, and on either side is a grove of trees, the choicest of the forest. The shrubberies and gardens are laid out in the English style, and through it wind serpentine gravel walks. There is a small park of deer, some of which were imported from England, and they entice the wild American herds into their company, so that they may easily be taken.

There is in the house only one large apartment, called the banqueting-room, and this was finished after the general had converted his sword into a plough-share. During his absence it had fallen much to decay; devoting his whole time to the service of his country, for which he never would accept any remuneration, it was totally neglected.\*

In the course of the war, three small British armed ships sailed up the Potomac as far as Alexandria, and consequently passed Mount Vernon. I am at a loss to conjecture what object this force had in view. There were no stores, nor any thing on the river worth making prize of. They did considerable damage in their progress, but the commander gave strict orders to respect Mount Vernon; and, to their honour, it was not molested. Their arrival at Alexandria threw the people into dreadful alarm, the seat of war being far removed from that place. They mustered in haste at the market-place, under the command of Colonel John Fitzgerald, one of General Washington's aides-de-camp, who happened then to be on leave of absence with his family, residing there. The ships displayed an intention of landing, and the colonel, leaving the command to a militia-colonel, proceeded at the head of several of the citizens to Jones's point, in order to repel the invaders. Soon after the de-

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\* Throughout his campaigns he was attended by a black man, one of his slaves, who proved very faithful to his trust. This man, amongst others belonging to him, he liberated, and by his will left him a handsome maintenance for the remainder of his life. The horse which bore the general so often in battle is still alive. The noble animal, together with the whole of his property, was sold on his death, under a clause in his will, and the charger was purchased by Daniel Dulany, Esq. of Shuter's Hill, near Alexandria, in whom it has found an indulgent master. I have often seen Mr. Dulany riding the steed of Washington in a gentle pace. It is of a cream colour, well proportioned, and was carefully trained to military manœuvres.

parture of this party, the ships fired a few shot at the town, upon which the commander of the militia ordered his colours to be struck; but for this pusillanimity he was chastised upon the spot. The ships never seriously meditated a landing, and these were merely random-shot to create an alarm, on their departure.

Alexandria was about eight years ago a very flourishing place; but the great losses sustained from the capture of American vessels by the French in the West Indies, occasioned many failures. In the year 1803, the yellow fever, which broke out there for the first time, swept off a number of its inhabitants. These shocks have so deeply affected the mercantile interest, that the town has but two or three ships in the trade with Great Britain; and there is little prospect of its ever attaining to its former prosperity.

Alexandria, first called Belhaven, is laid out upon the plan of Philadelphia; and being well built and paved, in point of uniformity and neatness, it somewhat resembles that city on a small scale. Its situation is elevated, commanding a view of the river and opposite shore of Maryland. The navigation of the Potomac, on whose banks the town is built, is very good. I question whether a line of battle ship might not come up from the sea, and lie alongside of the wharfs, which is a distance of 289 miles. Six miles higher on this river is the city of Washington, but a bar impedes the navigation up to the navy-yard of the government.

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### FILIAL AFFECTION.

THERE happened in Sicily (as it often does) an eruption of Mount *Ætna*: it murmured, burnt, belched up flames, and threw out its fiery entrails with dreadful devastation. It happened then, that in this violent and horrible breach of flames (every one flying and carrying away what was most precious with them), two sons, the one called *Anapias*, the other *Amphinomus*, careful of the wealth and goods of their houses, reflected on their father and mother, both very old, who could not save themselves from the fire by flight, "And where shall we," said they, "find a more precious treasure

than those who begat us?" The one took up his father on his shoulders, the other his mother, and so passed through the flames. It is an admirable thing, that God, in the consideration of this piety, though Pagans, did a miracle; for the monuments of all antiquity witness, that the devouring flames stopped at this spectacle; and the fire wasting and broiling all about them, the only way through which these two good sons passed, was tapestried with fresh verdure, and called afterwards by posterity, "The field of the Pious," in memory of this accident.

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#### A RECEIPT FOR A LADY'S DRESS.

LET chastity be your white, modesty your vermilion, dress your eyebrows with cheerfulness, and your lips with sincerity; let instruction be your ear-rings, and innocence your garland; confidence in your husband your richest ornament; housewifery your bracelets, virtue your robes, and conscious integrity the finish of your dress.

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### *Cabinet of Fashion,*

#### WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

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Fig. 1.—A round cambric dress worked round the bottom with cotton work; pelisse of Catalani silk, composed of two colours, and made so as to be worn on either side; a bonnet the same as the pelisse, ornamented with a flower in front; buff gloves.

Fig. 2.—A walking dress of plain leno, worked round the bottom, and down the front; the breast of the gown quite plain; robe of yellow crape, round dress to correspond, with white ostrich feathers; a circular fan, with an opera glass in the centre; white kid gloves and shoes.





Sunder

**FULL DRESS.**

**WALKING DRESS.** Published by Verner, Hood & Sharp, London, June 2, 1867.



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THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

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*THE BEE AND THE FLY.*

A FABLE.

**R**EMEMBER, nor despise a rule  
You all have studied when at school :  
“ May youth the sweets of life enjoy,  
“ But let them mingle industry.”

’Twas on a sultry summer’s day,  
When Phœbus shot his scorching ray ;  
(And basking in the op’ning flowers,  
Enliven’d June’s meridian hours ;)  
A Bee collecting honied store,  
Flew nature’s varied garden o’er ;  
From all a little he obtain’d,  
Nor long with any one remain’d ;  
But ever being on the wing,  
He rang’d amidst the sweets of spring ;  
And Flora’s bounteous display,  
His care and toil did soon repay.

So fully was his time employ’d,  
His appetite was never cloy’d ;  
From spray to spray he gaily flew,  
And sipt from buttercups the dew ;  
And blest with peace and calm content,  
How happily his day was spent.

Having amass’d a little load,  
He thought of reaching his abode ;  
But so successful was his trade,  
’Twas not so easy done as said.  
Judgment was requisite, and care,  
His burthen safely home to bear ;

And it requir'd no little skill,  
This occupation to fulfil.

But raising it by slow degrees,  
At length he bore the load with ease ;  
And though his progress was but slow,  
He tardily tow'rds home did go.

A foolish, self-conceited Fly,  
While yet he labour'd, flutter'd by ;  
Who view'd with a contemptuous sneer  
A toil he'd reason to revere :  
He cries, " Behold how well I'm fed,  
" While you partake a slavish bread ;  
" Yet I subsist without the pains  
" Which cause you poor and scanty gains.  
" I labour not to gain a hoard  
" Which nature ever will afford ;  
" But revel each revolving hour  
" Amidst the new expanding flow'r."

" For me, life each succeeding day,  
" New joys and pleasures does display ;  
" Then why should I, in youthful prime,  
" With industry consume my time.  
" No, while the cherry crowns the wall,  
" Where climbs the honeysuckle tall ;  
" While flavour'd strawberry is found  
" Creeping with violet on the ground,  
" I'll ever hail the present state,  
" Nor think upon to-morrow's fate."

" Poor foolish thing," the Bee reply'd,  
" I pity and deplore thy pride,  
" Thy sophistry, before my eyes,  
" Stript of its fascination, lies.  
" I too the sweets of life enjoy,  
" So charter'd, that they ne'er can cloy.  
" I too from nature's bounty reap,  
" But always look before I leap :  
" Nor now to try can I forbear,  
" To snatch thee from this fatal snare.

" Remember winter will arrive,  
" When flow'rs and fruit no longer live ;  
" When all that now attracts the eye  
" Shall surely wither, droop, and die ;  
" When food no longer can be found  
" Upon the frost imprison'd ground—  
" Where then for food, would'st thou repair,  
" Unless a store rewards thy care?



"To old to labour for your bread,  
"Where would you lay your wretched head?

"A life of indolence at best  
"Can never with content be blest;  
"And many evils may ensue,  
"Which you, I fear, one day will rue;  
"For when the mind inactive lies,  
"To every glitt'ring bait it flies;  
"Be it or vice or virtue's shade,  
"No thought or hesitation's made,  
"But, madly rushing to your fate,  
"You'll find your error when too late."

"Thy prejudic'd and grave advice,"  
The Fly replied, "I little prize;  
"When pleasure greets me on the way  
"I never will from pleasure stray;  
"Old care shall never claim a thought,  
"While every hour with joy is fraught."

So saying, from the Bee he flew,  
His path of pleasure to pursue;  
To where a cherry's rip'ning charms,  
Triumph'd o'er wisdom's sage alarms.  
But ah! before the bloom, a net  
Was by a crafty spider set,  
Wrought with the utmost skill and care,  
The young and foolish to ensnare;  
In which, for want of timely thought,  
The vain conceited Fly was caught.

While struggling in the arms of death,  
And sighing vainly for relief,  
The careful Bee he thus address'd,  
Who near the place had staid to rest:  
"Had I regarded what you said,  
"I never thus had been betray'd;  
"But if industrious like thee,  
"Might still have been at liberty."

So saying, the victim of his pride,  
Too late repentant, groan'd and died.

ARMINE.

### TRIBUTARY

*On the First Anniversary of the Death of a Young Lady. (See page 92, August 1806.) Written on revisiting Kingston Church Yard, Portsea.*

APPARENT still the orb of day,  
By Heaven's immutable decree,  
In season brings the month of May,  
With all its bounties kind and free;  
Yet while I fondly view Eliza's tomb,  
My heart expansive heaves the wonted sigh,  
Cropp'd like the flower of May in earliest bloom,  
Her much lov'd form still floats in either eye.

Ah! sacred is the day's return,  
And hallow'd is the earth,  
That forms Eliza's silent urn,  
Ill-suited to her worth.

But where's the vital spark? Exulting hope  
Exclaims, "beyond the spheres on heavenly shores;"  
Thither she bids my longing eyes look up,  
And sweetly cheers my else-dejected hours;  
Her lenient balms all earthly goods excel,  
And shews by faith's fair view where saints and angels dwell.

Ye North winds rude, forbear to blow,  
Ah! spare the verdure of this heap;  
Forbear with scorching heat to glow,  
O Phæbus, where those relics sleep.  
O Nature, kind restrain the chilling blast,  
And let Eliza's frame most sweetly rest;  
Her fair example shall thy frame out-last,  
Tho' death has marr'd her sympathizing breast.  
And tho' my portion is the grave,  
I trust the spark within,  
Triumphant o'er th' insulting wave  
Of time, and death, and sin,  
Shall nobly soar, and take its final flight  
To realms abounding with substantial joy,  
To bask in rays of uncreated light;  
With her through countless years of bliss t' employ  
The soul's new powers in themes of endless praise,  
And chaunt the Saviour's worth in more exalted lays.

Transporting thought!—Eternity,  
Shall largely feast the extatic view  
With rich delights progressively;  
And heavenly treasures ever new.

There friendship to its height luxuriant grows,  
Remote from passions base and earthly strife;  
True happiness with stream incessant flows,  
And fruits ambrosial load the Tree of Life.

In pleasures pure unmix'd with pain,  
Eliza there shall shine;  
And greet my wearied soul again  
With excellence divine.

Adieu, ye toys of earth; lo! I prepare  
For more exalted joys among the just:  
Henceforth terrestrial things no more shall share  
My heart, till also freed from mould'ring dust:  
The soul's new bond of friendship's purest flame  
Receives th' eternal seal, and bears JEHOVAH's name.

*J. S. Royal Navy.*

TO THE MEMORY  
OF

**J. P. HANKEY, ESQ. ALDERMAN OF LONDON;**

Who died during his Canvass to represent that city in  
Parliament.

WITH wealth, with talents blest—by glory fir'd,  
HANKEY esteem'd, to civic pomp aspir'd;  
And Truth, the inmate of his bosom pure,  
Whisper'd that his Election was secure:  
When, judg'd befitting a superior state,  
Death, urg'd by virtue, sped the shaft of fate;  
And angels, beaming sympathy and love,  
A *Seut* assigned him in the realms above.

*May 9th, 1807.*

EXTEMPORE LINES

LEFT ON A SOFA, WHERE A YOUNG LADY WAS SLEEPING.

SLEEP, sleep, sweet maid: forgive the fond embrace  
A wretch forlorn, unpity'd, comes to steal;  
Its melting sweetness will his sorrows chace,  
And sooth those wounds which death alone can heal.

Sleep, sleep, sweet maid, and round thy pillow'd head,  
May hov'ring angels as thy guards be giv'n;  
May peaceful visions flit around thy bed,  
And waft, in fancy's arms, thy soul to heav'n.

*October 2nd, 1806.*

M. B.

*ANN OF THE CLOSE.*

FAIR, fair is the Lily, and blooming the Rose,  
That summer's bright season adorn;  
As fair and as blooming is Ann of the Close,  
And blythe as the goddess of morn.

Sweet, sweet is the honey the bee wanton sips,  
From the flowers bedecking the field;  
As sweet is the honey on Ann's rosy lips,  
Her breath to no fragrance shall yield.

Strait, strait and majestic to view is the pine,  
Erect o'er the trees of the grove;  
As strait and majestic is Ann, and divine  
As Venus, the parent of Love.

Great, great are the beauties, and rarely combin'd,  
That Ann's lovely person compose,  
As great are the beauties that dwell in her mind—  
Vice never knew Ann of the Close.

K.

G. W.

*TO ELIZA.*

AS yester-night I lay reclin'd  
Within a fair and blooming bow'r,  
So softly blew the southern wind,  
It scarcely mov'd the sleeping flow'r.

And scarce was heard the rippling rill  
To murmur o'er its pebbly bed;  
Oh! 'twas a night so calm and still,  
One half the sleeping world seem'd dead.

The tears of twilight sparkling hung,  
As stars amid surrounding gloom;  
While sweetly Philomela sung  
Beside my little bower of bloom.

And softly o'er the sleeping lake  
The silv'ry moon-beams wanton play'd,  
So soft, "as tho' they fear'd to wake"  
The waves on which they lightly laid.

'Twas then, Eliza, lovely girl,  
I gaz'd upon the tranquil sea;  
And dimly saw the snowy sail  
That bore thee far away from me.



Then fancy drew an angel form,  
 And plac'd in my enchanted view—  
 Its features beauteous, glowing, warm;  
 The picture, Love, was meant for you.

To one, sweet girl, who lov'd thee less,  
 The picture might have seem'd like thee;  
 But, oh! it did not half express  
 Eliza's lovely charms to me.

Fancy, o'er me, shall not prevail,  
 I'll see the picture nature drew;  
 My little bark, with snowy sail,  
 Shall waft me o'er to love and you.

*Kingsland.*

JAMES.

### TO MARY,

#### OVERTAKEN BY A STORM.

HASTE away; the thunder growling,  
 Rolls in peals along the sky;  
 And the sullen tempest howling,  
 Bids us quick to shelter fly.

Fierce the vivid lightning glances;  
 Ah! my *Mary*, dost thou start?  
 Does the storm that fast advances,  
 Terror to thy mind impart?

To my open arms repair thee,  
 In their fond embrace recline;  
 Heav'n in pity sure will spare thee;  
 Spare such innocence as thine.

Hush, sweet maid! 'tis Henry clasps thee;  
 Ah! then why the tempest dread?  
 'Tis his shelt'ring arm that grasps thee;  
 'Tis his breast supports thy head.

Lo, yon blazes swiftly darting,  
 Not on thee their rage to vent;  
 Lo, the threat'ning storm departing,  
 Far from thee its fury spent.

Rise then, *Mary*, and for ever  
 Thus thro' life I'll thee defend;  
 And till death's cold hand shall sever,  
 Prove the *Husband* and the *Friend*.

MARITUS

**CHARADES.****I.**

WHEN wintry storms and tempests blow,  
My *first* is often seen;  
And when a nymph is smartly drest,  
My next improves her mein;  
My whole you view in spring, and much admire,  
Its simple elegance can never tire.

**II.**

When Dolly to the market hies,  
My *first* she briskly moves;  
Upon the *next* she oft relies,  
And that she mostly loves.  
My whole serves belles, and 'tis its boast,  
Oft to support their fav'rite post.

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**SOLUTION**

OF THE CHARADE WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

**PRIEST-HOOD.**

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**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

To Adolphus.—The Editor is positive there is no such name, as the one he mentions, *legitimately* formed. Names, as he well observes, are so arbitrary, that it is hardly possible to say what may or may not be given. A despairing swain to express the *flintiness* of his mistress' heart, may call her Silicea, but it is very improbable that any one has done so.

We must repeat our wish that our Correspondents would favor us with communications in *prose* instead of *verse*. We are overburdened with poetry, and have more than enough (*intended for insertion*) for six months.

"Matilda" shall certainly appear in our next.

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